

## Melting Point

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39115053) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39115053>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound &amp; Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Friends to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Getting Together</a> , <a href="#">Sickfic</a> , <a href="#">kind of</a> , <a href="#">george gets really cold and needs cuddles</a> , <a href="#">inspired from george's "beating minecraft before i freeze"</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound In Florida (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">Platonic Cuddling</a> , <a href="#">because sapnap also gets cuddles</a> , <a href="#">he deserves it for what he goes through</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">SO MUCH FLUFF HOLY SHIT</a> , <a href="#">First Kiss</a> , <a href="#">Love Confessions</a> , <a href="#">Late Night Conversations</a> , <a href="#">my beloved</a> , <a href="#">someone help me i am so starved for romance</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">dnf</a> , <a href="#">just the classic ships</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-20 Words: 5606

## Melting Point

by [crabnap](#)

### Summary

“So cold, Dream.” George shuffled closer, and between one breath and the next he was in Dream’s space. His face was the first thing to make contact, shooting a spark through Dream’s bloodstream as he pushed his nose into his chest. Then he sagged forward, all of his weight pushing Dream back into the counter, shivering arms coming up to clutch at the back of his shirt.

Dream was so startled by all of it that he just lifted his arms, hovering them over George’s shoulders. “George,” he said, feeling the sharp chill seep into his skin at every point of contact, “you’re hugging me.”

What would happen if George filmed his “Beating Minecraft Before I Freeze” video when he got to Florida? A lot of cuddles, apparently, and maybe something more.

### Notes

hello lovely people of ao3, i rewatched george’s “beating minecraft before i freeze” and then blacked out and when i came to i had written this entire thing in one sitting. i hope you

all enjoy reading it as much as i enjoyed writing it, which i'm pretty certain i did, but the memory is hazy so i can't say for sure. love you all <3 happy reading!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Dream, I am so cold." George's voice shook so hard he could barely speak. Dream could see his hands trembling where they grasped the edge of the ice bath.

"I know, George, I—" Dream cut himself off with a wheeze. "I know. Just get into some dry clothes and come downstairs, Sapnap's gonna take care of the bath for you."

"Oh my god, okay. Thank you Sapnap."

"Anytime, buddy," Sapnap said, just before the Discord leaving tone sounded.

Dream leaned back in his chair, still watching the video feed through George's camera. He was out of the bath now, peeling off his socks, his arms and legs shaking violently with every move he made. He looked kind of ridiculous, wobbling on his feet with his water-logged sweatpants dragging down in the middle.

He looked kind of cute. Dream punted that thought out of his mind immediately.

"Are you gonna be okay?" Dream asked. "Like, can I leave the call and not worry about you dying?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine." George ducked so his face was in frame. His jaw was still trembling. "I'll be downstairs in a second."

"Okay."

Dream hung up the call. He tried not to think about George shucking off his pants with jittering limbs. He tried not to think about George, period, especially when there was clothing removal involved. He spun his chair away from his desk.

The room felt so much more empty now that George wasn't on his screen, in his ear, even though they were only a few doors apart. The silence was eerie. He stood, his back popping when he stretched. The burn curled up his spine, satisfying after so many hours sitting in front of his computer, and the gnaw in his stomach made him realize how hungry he was.

He went downstairs and found Sapnap in the kitchen with a bag of chips and Dream's freshly made guacamole.

Dream smacked him. "Hey! Don't eat all of that."

"Why did you make it if not for me to eat it?" Sapnap smirked, cheeky, and pulled the bowl away when Dream went to scoop some with a chip.

"For *me* to eat, idiot. And George. I'm gonna make him try it this time."

Sapnap scoured the bag for a chip with extra salt, and Dream took the distraction as an opportunity to swipe the guacamole.

“Good luck with that,” Sapnap said. “I put avocado in a sandwich I made him the other day and he sniffed it out like a bloodhound. I had to make him a whole new one.”

“Is that why there was a random sandwich in the fridge?”

Sapnap shoveled guacamole from the bowl in Dream’s hand. “Yeah.”

“I ate it. It was good.”

“Well,” Sapnap spoke with his mouth full, “you have George to thank for that. The little bitch.”

“Rude,” George said from the doorway.

Dream jumped a little, turning to look at him. “Hey, you all warmed up now?”

“No.” When he stepped into the light of the kitchen, Dream saw just how pale he was. His hair fell dark over his skin, a little damp from pushing it out of his eyes with icy hands. He was wearing a blanket like a cloak, pulled close under his chin, all huddled and shivering.

“Well, I’m gonna go clean up the bath.” Sapnap set the bag of chips down on the counter. “Dream, I charge \$10k an hour.”

“I’m not paying you to do something nice for George.”

“You will.”

“I won’t.” Dream stared at George for a moment longer, watching his lips twitch up into a smile when Sapnap rolled his eyes. To distract himself, he pressed a layer of plastic wrap over the guacamole bowl and put it in the fridge.

“I’ll convince you eventually,” Sapnap called down from the stairs.

When George stepped towards the counter, he shivered violently. He was so pale he was almost blue, his lips bordering on purple, and his fingers were bright red where they clutched the blanket. For the first time, Dream was actually worried that he could be hurt.

“You okay there, Georgie? You don’t look good.”

George pushed a noise through his teeth that was more of a whine than anything. Dream wanted to make fun of him for it, but he held his tongue.

“So cold, Dream.” George shuffled closer, and between one breath and the next he was in Dream’s space. His face was the first thing to make contact, shooting a spark through Dream’s bloodstream as he pushed his nose into his chest. Then he sagged forward, all of his weight pushing Dream back into the counter, shivering arms coming up to clutch at the back of his shirt.

Dream was so startled by all of it that he just lifted his arms, hovering them over George’s shoulders. “George,” he said, feeling the sharp chill seep into his skin at every point of contact, “you’re hugging me.”

“Don’t care.” George’s teeth chattered. “Too cold.”

“Okay.” Dream wondered if George could hear how fast his heart was beating. He needed to stop freaking out over this. George was never the hugging type, but that shouldn’t have made him all jumpy and nervous. He hugged Sapnap all the time and it wasn’t like this. Dream let his hands fall delicately to the tops of George’s shoulders.

“Hug me, idiot,” George said, tugging on Dream’s waist. “Give me your body heat.”

Dream blew out a laugh and realized that he had barely been breathing for the past twenty seconds. “Okay, sorry.”

And when he finally pulled George in, it felt so natural that his heart leapt up into his mouth, stinging on the tip of his tongue.

George still had his blanket in his hands when he hugged Dream, trapping them together in a cocoon of warmth. Or, what would be warmth, if George’s entire body didn’t feel like an ice cube. Dream’s brain was too fried to care. George’s shoulders crushed perfectly into his chest when he wrapped him in his arms, dark curls brushing soft under his jaw, and when Dream squeezed him closer he nudged his cold nose up to bury in his bare neck.

“Ah! That’s cold.” Dream tried to shrug him away, but he just burrowed further in.

“Imagine how I feel,” George said, muffled against his collarbone. “That isn’t even the worst of it. Feel this.”

And then there were hands snaking up the back of Dream’s shirt, hands that were made of pure ice.

“Jesus!” They were so cold, but there was something simmering red under Dream’s skin where they touched because these were *George’s hands*, George’s hands on the bare small of his back.

Dream squirmed in his arms and he just giggled so bright, pressing his palms to Dream’s spine, his ribs, his shoulder blades. “You’re so warm, Dream, you’ve got to share some with me. It’s only fair. You guys made me go through that torture with the wither skeletons and everything. I might go into cardiac arrest if I hear someone say ‘ice time’ ever again.”

Dream, despite his inability to breathe, began to smirk. “Ice—”

“NO.” Before he could blink, one of George’s hands was out of his shirt and clapped over his mouth. George stared him down. “I’m serious. I’ll put my feet in your armpits if you say that shit again.”

“You’ll *what*?” Dream’s heart was beating so fast he was becoming delirious. He doubled over into George’s shoulder, wheezing so hard his eyes watered. “George, what the hell?”

“You heard me.” George couldn’t keep his voice serious when Dream was laughing like that. “My feet are the coldest part of my body. I think I literally have frostbite.”

“So you’re gonna put them in my—” Dream wheezed again, unable to get a hold of himself. “My *armpits*?”

“Yes.” George laughed through the word.

“Oh my god. You are such an idiot. You are literally so stupid.”

It wasn’t until Dream’s laughter had nearly died down that he noticed George’s hand carding through his hair, leaving sharp tingles in its wake. One on his back, one in his hair, and they weren’t nearly as cold as they had been before. His forehead was still resting on George’s shoulder.

“Um, anyway.” Dream lifted his head, his movements jerky and uncoordinated. “I am kind of worried about your feet if you feel like they could have frostbite. You shouldn’t be standing on the

cold tile like this.”

“So, what I’m hearing is that you should carry me to the sofa.” George’s hand had fallen from his hair and was now curled over his shoulder. “What a great idea, Dream. You’re so smart. You’re, like— basically a genius.”

“You’re an idiot,” Dream said. He looked down at George, so small and shivering, and caved embarrassingly fast. “Get on the counter, we’re doing this piggy-back.”

“The laziest option, but I’ll take it.” George let go of him to hop up on the counter, and Dream tried not to think about how much he immediately missed George’s touch.

“What, did you want me to carry you bridal style or something?” He backed up between George’s legs.

George wrapped both arms around his neck and scooted closer, the blanket enveloping them together again. “That would have been optimal, yes.”

Dream huffed to cover the fact that his cheeks were burning. “You’re such a princess.” He gripped the undersides of George’s thighs and lifted him onto his back.

“Ah!” George nearly choked him out with how tightly he held on. “Give me some warning next time. And I’m not a princess, I’m borderline hypothermic. You should be doting on me right now.”

“Is that not what this is?” Dream asked, hitching George’s legs higher on his waist for emphasis. “I’m carrying you the three steps it takes to get to the living room. I feel like that’s doting.”

“It’s more than three steps,” George said, as if *that* was the most important part of his argument. “It’s at least ten. Set me down on the couch, will you?”

Dream dumped him, unceremoniously, into the corner of the L-shaped couch. He grabbed two throw blankets from the ottoman and laid them over George’s legs. “It’s definitely less than *ten* steps, maybe five. Why is that important, though?”

“It’s important because it’s an unreasonable distance to ask me to walk— hey, where are you going?”

Dream froze mid-step, on his way to the recliner on the other side of the room. “Uh, the recliner?” He didn’t know what he was supposed to say here.

“No you’re not. I’m not done with you.”

George lifted the side of the blanket, an obvious invitation for Dream to join him, and Dream’s pulse thundered in his ears. He stood there, hesitating, like this wasn’t an easy decision. It should be an easy decision, right? If Sapnap did something like that, or his mom, or his sister, he would cozy in like it was nothing. What was it about George that made his stomach swoop?

Maybe it was his eyes. They were so dark like this, with nothing but the soft fairy lights hung over the TV to illuminate his face, and big too. There was something about George’s eyes that pulled him in, impenetrable, like dark water that gave no hint as to what was lying under the surface. But they were warm, too, and they were George. They were the eyes of his best friend for eight years. So why did cuddling on the couch feel so much like a cliff’s edge?

He must have hesitated for too long, because George flapped the blanket impatiently. “Come *on*, idiot, every second you stand there I’m exposed to the cold air for longer. I’m going to freeze to

death and it will be your fault.”

Dream cleared his throat, desperately willing the heat in his face to go down as he walked back over to the couch. He sat down next to George, who scooted until they could both put their legs up on the short part of the L. It was a spot made for one person, but George didn’t seem to mind. He turned on his side so he was squished between the wall of the couch and Dream’s body, tangling their legs together under the blankets.

“Hold me,” George said, like a command, like himself. But then, quieter, he said something that made Dream’s breath catch. “Please.”

It was the first crack. It was the first time Dream had heard George so vulnerable, so stripped of any joking or ironic tone that could protect him. This was genuine, and the sound of George’s voice curling around that word was so sweet that Dream felt the ache of it in the back of his throat. He wrapped George up in his arms and tucked him to his chest like something precious.

“You still cold?” Dream asked, and he knew he was using his Patches voice but his lungs were too full of dizzy air to do anything about it.

George nodded into his shoulder. He shifted closer, pressing his nose to the line of Dream’s throat again. It was still cold, but Dream was burning.

“I can’t feel my toes,” George mumbled. His joking tone was still gone, the hurt clear his voice, and it changed the entire consistency of the air. This was different, now, not quite the same as it was when they hugged in the kitchen.

“Does it hurt?” Dream whispered.

George nuzzled him. “Yeah.” Quiet, like a confession. “It’s okay, though. I just need to warm up a bit.”

Dream frowned. He let one hand drift from George’s shoulder up into his hair, and it was just as soft as he had expected it to be. Thicker, too. Dream’s whole hand got lost in his curls.

“I’m sorry,” he said, because it was weighing on him now. “We shouldn’t have pushed you so hard with the ice. It’s serious stuff. We could have actually put you in danger.”

George craned his neck back to catch his eye. “But you didn’t. I promise, it’s okay. I’m just being dramatic about it, I’ll be fine in a couple hours.”

“That’s not the point, though.” The guilt hit Dream full force, especially because George was being so forgiving about it, looking up at him with those soft wide eyes. “You shouldn’t have to be in pain at all after we film a video. Not to this extent, at least. And you could have gotten hypothermia, like, *actually*. And you could still catch a cold.”

“*Dream*.” George put a hand on his chest.

“I just feel bad that we put you through that.”

George sighed, staring at him, and they were so *close*. “I know you do. I’m telling you, though, it’s okay. It was my video idea, I knew what I was getting into. And I’m not even that cold. It feels like when you spend too long outside in the snow and then go inside and drink hot chocolate.”

“I live in Florida, George, I’ve barely ever seen snow.”

“Whatever.” George waved his hand. They were still practically nose to nose. Dream’s hand was still in George’s hair. “You get my point. I’ll be okay.”

He wasn’t entirely convinced. “Your lips were blue, though. Earlier.”

Maybe that was the wrong thing to say.

George smirked, his eyes glittering, and that was *definitely* the wrong thing to say. “You were looking at my lips?”

Dream’s face burned, his heart pushing up at the front of his chest, and if George kept looking at him like that he thought he might die. “Not like *that*, Jesus.”

“You sure?” George raised one eyebrow.

“You are so dumb.” Dream tried to laugh away the sparks that skittered through his chest. What was *happening* to him? He felt all upside-down and dizzy.

George’s arms slid up to hook around the back of Dream’s neck, his spine stretching like a cat’s, and this was so much closer. Dream could hardly breathe.

“You know,” George said, all quiet and dangerous—

But Dream wasn’t going to find out what he knew, because Sapnap’s steps came creaking down the stairs right at that moment and George retracted his arms to curl up in Dream’s chest.

“What the fuck?” Sapnap yelled, thundering into the room. “I have to slave over the ice bath while you just get to cuddle with George? How is that fair? Scoot over.”

Dream tried to get a hold of his breath while Sapnap practically launched himself over the side of the couch, right into the nonexistent space between George and the cushions. George and Dream were both jostled to the side to make room for him, Dream’s legs dangerously close to falling off the edge.

Sapnap spooned into George’s back. “See? This is so much better.”

“I don’t think there’s room—” A laugh was pushed out of George’s chest as Sapnap budged him further into Dream. “—for all three of us.”

Dream filed that away into the folder of things he refused to think about to avoid spontaneous human combustion, that George wanted to cuddle with him but not with Sapnap.

“I’ll *make* room,” Sapnap said, throwing his arm over both of them. “You guys don’t get to cuddle without me. You know I’m the cuddle king.”

Dream watched Sapnap’s indignant frown melt into contentment, and he couldn’t help but feel incredibly fond for him. He grinned, catching George’s eye. “He *is* the cuddle king, to be fair.”

George huffed. His face was squished into Dream’s pec, which was kind of hilarious. “Fine. This is pretty nice, actually. Sapnap, you’re literally a radiator.”

“I know,” Sapnap said proudly. “Don’t worry, I’ll get you warmed up in no time.”

Dream adjusted so that his bicep could be a pillow for both of them. They looked so snug, smiling and giggling as they fought for the blanket, and Dream kind of loved this. They were a unit like this – the Dream Team, inseparable. His best friends in the whole world.

"I love you guys," Dream said, because he was a sap and they would just have to deal with it.

"Oh, come on, don't start with that." Sapnap jabbed him in the side. "If you get mushy then *I'll* get mushy, and nobody wants to see that."

George just giggled from his place in Dream's chest.

"Especially George," Sapnap continued. "He'll explode into a thousand little George pieces because he hates human emotion more than anything in the world."

"Hey, that's not true." George must have kicked Sapnap, because there was a whole commotion under the blankets and a lot of cursing.

"Cut it out, idiots." Dream laid his leg over theirs, and it was so much longer that it practically pinned them to the cushions.

"Hey! He's imprisoned us!" Sapnap's voice shot an octave higher as he laughed and squirmed.

"LET ME OOOOUT." George yelled so loud and so close to Dream's ear that he pulled his leg off immediately.

"Jesus Christ. Okay, okay." He laughed into George's hair. "For someone so small, you have quite the lung capacity."

George punched his stomach, but it was so soft that it was more of a nudge. "I'm not small. You're just an idiot."

Sapnap giggled hoarsely, still winding down from their scuffle. "Nice one, Georgie. You really got him there."

"Shut up."

"Were you being serious, George?" Dream asked, his brain catching on that one little thing George had said. They both looked up at him confused. "About the emotion thing. You don't hate human emotion more than anything else in the world?"

George scoffed. "No, of course I don't. Obviously I don't."

"To be fair, I wouldn't say that's obvious," Sapnap said. "You never get sappy with us."

George shrugged his shoulders up close to his ears, jostling both of them. "Not that you can tell, I guess, but I do." His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "I'm just not as good at showing it."

"Well, show us now." Dream's heart crawled up his throat, but he was beaming. "George, tell me you love me."

"Oh, fuck *off* with that," Sapnap said at the same time as George rolled his eyes hard enough to hurt and complained, "*Dream.*"

Dream wheezed over both of their heads. "Sorry, I had to give it a shot."

"Had to shoot your shot, I respect you for that." Sapnap thumped him on the ribcage. "Just do it without me next time, okay? I don't need to witness your simping from up close."

George laughed like a witch when Dream flushed.



“Oh, come on now. I am not a sim–”

“He said the thing! He said the thing!” George lifted his head to look at him and tapped excitedly at his chest, right over his heart.

“You *are* a simp, to be *clear*,” Sapnap said.

“You are both idiots.” Dream shook his head, trying to hold in his blush and his grin and everything else that threatened to spill out. “I’m leaving. I won’t stand for this treatment.”

But as soon as Dream started to move, both George and Sapnap clung to him like two giant squids.

“Wait, wait, we’re sorry!” Sapnap cried.

“No, you’re *not*–“

“Stop being an idiot, Dream.” George hooked his leg over Dream’s thigh and snuggled into his neck. “You’re not allowed to leave until I say so.”

And maybe this was how George showed his love, because Dream was all at once so full of it he thought he might burst. He bit his lip, colors exploding under his skin where George pressed into him.

“Okay, fine.” He settled back so that George and Sapnap were tucked into his arm again, packed like two sardines against the side of the couch. He reached for the remote. “But we’re watching a movie, because I say so. George’s choice.”

George squeezed his waist. If he really focused, he could feel George’s cheek pull into a grin against his neck. “Let’s go, I’m the best. We’re watching *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*, idiots.”

Sapnap grumbled about *Harry Potter* being the only thing George would watch, but he didn’t complain when Dream pulled up the copy they owned on Amazon Prime and started playing it. The night stretched long as George dozed into the side of his neck, Sapnap snoring softly next to him.

Dream stayed up, half watching the movie and half marveling at George’s sleep-soft hand on his sternum. It was out of the blanket and still somewhat cold through his shirt, and it took half of the movie for him to work up the courage but he eventually took George’s hand in his own to warm his fingers up. Not for any other reason, of course. Definitely not because it made his lungs fill with sparks.

As the end credits were playing, Sapnap shuffled around and raised his head. He blinked, bleary, making soft eye contact with Dream. “Time is it?” he whispered.

“Just after 1.”

Sapnap nodded. “I’m gonna go to bed. You...?”

“I’ve got him.” Dream smiled. George was still sleeping peacefully in his arms.

“Okay.” Sapnap looked like he wanted to say something else, but he decided against it. He slowly slid out from behind George and picked himself up from the couch. “Goodnight, Dream.”

“Night, Sap.”

Dream heard Sapnap's footsteps going up the stairs.

The blue from the TV's home screen glowed against George's cheek, turning him almost moon-like. He was finally warm against Dream, practically melting into him in sleep, and Dream didn't think he had ever seen something that made his heart ache quite like this.

He moved George as carefully as possible into the space Sapnap used to fill so that their legs both fit on the couch. Despite his best efforts, George stirred.

"Where're you going?" he asked, his tongue sleep-heavy.

"Nowhere," Dream whispered. "Go back to sleep. I'm right here."

"Nnh." George scrubbed his nose into the collar of Dream's shirt, then lifted his head with slow blinking eyes. "Hi."

"Hi." Dream stared at the way blue light melted into the brown of his irises. "Are you feeling any better?"

George smiled, something so content it looked like his face was relaxing into it. "Yeah, I am. My toes are still kind of cold, but everything else is much better."

"Do you want me to try to warm them up for you?" Dream asked, frowning. It had been hours – George's toes should be warm by now, right?

"Hmm." George nuzzled his head back onto Dream's shoulder, far down enough that he could still look at him. "Kind of, yeah. I feel bad asking though."

"What? Why?" Dream rubbed at his arm. "I want to help you feel better. I don't mind."

"Yeah, but." George's nose scrunched up. "It's weird. I feel weird asking you to rub my feet. Also—" He stopped himself, dropping his gaze to Dream's shirt.

Dream waited a moment, then nudged him. "Also what?"

"No, it's stupid." George's chin was tucking down, and Dream didn't want to stop seeing his face. His hand shot out by instinct to cup George's jaw.

"*You're* stupid," Dream said, in probably the softest and most loving way anyone had ever said that. "I'm about to rub your feet right now. Trust me, nothing you could say would turn me away."

George was speechless. Dream realized a moment too late that he was still cupping his jaw with gentle fingers, holding him a little too close for a little too long.

But before he could pull away, George was turning his head to kiss the center of Dream's palm.

*Holy fuck.* His stomach flipped woozily, his face surely bright red by now. He couldn't think. He couldn't *breathe*.

"Okay, fine," George said, and there was a pink tint to his cheeks as well. "I was just going to say...that I didn't want you to rub my feet because then— because I didn't want you to stop holding me."

He swallowed. Dream followed the line of his throat.

"Because I don't want you to stop holding me," he corrected. He spoke quieter this time, and the

vulnerable rasp to his voice along with the present tense almost stopped Dream's heart.

He swallowed down the dizzy rush that climbed his throat. "Okay," he said, brushing a thumb along the impossible softness of George's cheek. "Then I won't stop holding you."

George's eyes were dark and round and they swallowed him whole, swallowed him into warmth and more love than he had ever felt in his entire life. His chest ached like he might cry.

"Pull your leg up," Dream said, finally releasing George's cheek to reach under the blanket.

George's face was so soft, even as he furrowed his eyebrows and laughed. "What? Why?"

"Because I'm gonna multitask, and it's gonna work perfectly."

"I don't know if this is as good of an idea as you think it is."

"No, just trust me on this one." Dream grinned as he caught George's knee, hiking it up until it was practically on his stomach. He followed the line of George's calf down until he grasped a fuzzy sock and squeezed George's toes into his palm. "See? This works."

"Wow, I'm impressed." George smirked at him, trying to tease, but there was so much genuine adoration in his eyes that the sarcasm fell right through. "It's that quick wit of yours, that's why you have 29 million Youtube subscribers."

Dream laughed and kept rubbing George's toes. After a moment, George shifted to place the lightest kiss at the juncture between his neck and shoulder, so soft it was barely there. He went dizzy with it. Everything George did was too much and not enough, pulling the ground out from under him.

He switched to the other foot after five or ten minutes. George snuggled close to his chest, but Dream could tell he was still awake by his breathing and the way he kept smiling against his neck. The digital clock under the TV blinked to 1:30, but Dream wasn't worried about that. He would be content to stay here until the sun rose, just rubbing warmth into George's feet and feeling the tickle of his curls on his jaw.

"Dream?" George murmured some time later, when Dream had let go of George's feet to cuddle as close to him as he could possibly get. He had switched off the TV, leaving them in the barely-there glow of the fairy lights.

"Hmm?" Dream ran a palm down his arm.

"You know I love you, right?"

Dream's breath stilled in his lungs. Hearing those words was like the ripple of water that came after you dropped a stone in a lake, but the ripple was warmth and it was washing over and over through Dream's chest. He picked George's chin up with two fingers until he could look him in the eye.

"I do know that," he said, heart pounding, helplessly grinning, "but it's really nice to hear it."

George fit a hand to Dream's cheek, splaying his fingers to stretch across his jaw. "I love you," he said again. "I know I'm not very good at saying it most of the time, but I do."

And Dream just couldn't help himself. Not when George was looking at him like that, so lovingly, like he was the safest and most important thing in the world. Not when their hands were already on each other's faces, their mouths so close that all it took was the slightest lean down.

And George tipped up to him like a flower towards the sun, their lips meeting halfway like they were always meant to find each other.

Dream's brain was absolute mush. He trembled as he kissed George, holding his face like it was all he needed, and he didn't think he had ever felt anything like this.

The kiss was no different from the rest of the night, soft and warm and stripped of all barriers that could protect them from each other. The kiss was trust. The kiss was love. And Dream loved George more than he had ever loved anyone, in a different way than he had ever loved anyone, and he was starting to realize that it had always been that way.

He was starting to believe that maybe, with how soft he kissed him, George could feel the same. There were hands in his hair and George was so gentle when he rolled them over, leaning on his elbows so he could kiss the living daylights out of Dream and leave him dazed against the couch cushions.

"I can't believe it took that long for you to do that," George whispered into his mouth, cupping his face as he pulled the love from his throat hand after hand.

Dream smiled into the kiss, woozy, squeezing George's warm waist. "Why didn't *you* do it then?"

"I was scared you didn't want me to." It was the quietest thing George had said that night, more of a brush against Dream's lips than actual sound. He was learning to hear George through touch alone.

Dream hooked their legs together, needing to be closer. Always closer. "*George*," he said. "How could you ever think that?"

"I don't know." George hid in his neck again, letting his lips rest soft against Dream's skin. They buzzed when he spoke. "You always got this panicked look on your face whenever I did anything. Like you were going into fight or flight, or something."

Dream pulled him close and wheezed. "Well, to be fair I kind of was." He stroked George's back, feeling utterly bare and seen and *loved*. "I can see how you could interpret that as a bad thing. It was more just me being overwhelmed by you and not knowing how to handle it."

George traced shapes over his chest. "I overwhelm you?"

"God, all the time," Dream said. "I don't even know what to do with myself. I just look at you sometimes and I feel so... so *much*. And I don't know where to put it all."

George pulled his head out of Dream's neck to look down at him. When their eyes met, Dream fell into the dark warmth of him. He was so beautiful, and he was looking at Dream like *that*. It filled him up to the brim.

"Like right now?" George asked, whispering.

Dream nodded, his throat tight. "Yeah."

"Well, guess what? I have a solution." George grinned, and Dream fell even harder. He pointed to his lips. "Whenever you feel like that, and you don't know what to do with it, just put it right here."

And so Dream did. He took all of the love that was pouring over and pressed it into George's mouth, soft and achingly slow, and when he pulled back after seconds or hours George looked like he had lost all the breath in his lungs.

“*Dream*,” George said, like there were no other words.

He grinned. “George.”

“I think you’re going to kill me. I think I could actually die from this.”

Dream was fully laughing now, and it felt so good. “Don’t die, please. I would be very upset if I murdered you by accident.”

“Why, because you’d have to go to jail?”

“Yes, that’s why, and no other reason.”

“Rude.”

Dream pecked George on the lips, because he could, and because he had more love he needed to put there. “You’re an idiot.”

“No, that’s you. Shut up and kiss me.”

Dream pressed their mouths back together.

## End Notes

hi hi hi friends what are your thoughts? i was in such a soft sappy mood when i wrote this and i hope that translates into good fluff that makes you soft and sappy as well.

please let me know if you enjoyed it !! don’t be a stranger, i would love to hear from you so much. you can do that by leaving kudos, or commenting, or coming to yell at me on [twitter](#) ! i am so grateful for any and all of these things because the community and feedback is the real reason i do this other than the fact that it fills the void of touch-starved-ness within me.

thank you for reading and i will be back again soon! i’m probably gonna stick with these shorter fics for a while since i want to work on my actual original writing some more this summer and balancing that with longer fics can get tricky. we will see though ! you never know what will happen. love you <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!